

# THE MARTLET SEAL

BY JENETTE H. WALWORTH.

(Copyright 1892 by J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Oh, I know now!" The light of intelligence broke suddenly over the puzzled baby face. "Mother Goose!"

"Precisely," said Ida, accommodating herself to the tender little feet and rhythmically supplying the context:

"There was an old woman,  
Tossed up in a blanket;  
Seventeen times as high as the moon;  
What she did there  
I cannot tell you,  
But in her hand she carried a broom.  
Oh woman, old woman,  
Old woman, said I,  
Oh, whether, oh, whether, oh, whether so high,  
To sweep the cobwebs off the sky,  
And I'll be back again by and by."

It was so deliciously easy to be non-sensical that day!

"But you'll come back, auntie, by and by?" There was a touch of anxiety in the innocent little voice.

"I will never get so very far away from you, my darling, my little sunbeam, my salvation!"

They had reached the front door of their own home by this time. Ida handed the child promptly over to old Dido, who was her abject servant. Then she turned towards the stairway alone.

"I have found out all I want to know, Dido."

Dido looked into the illumined young face before her with a new respect. She had lifted the veil heavily with the dust of half a century.

"Well, my child?"

"Rubbish!" Ida snapped her fingers airily. "I'm disgusted to think how much veneration I have wasted on it all these years. And, Dido, I am going to have a plain talk with father to-day. After to-day you shall not bide our dear little girl away in that gloomy old wing any longer. I'm going to sweep the cobwebs out of father's brain now."

"Not much hardship in the wing," said old Dido, not altogether relishing the iconoclastic spirit that was invading Glenburnie. Things that had remained solid so long must have some inherent strength in them—the vendetta among them. She was almost too old to adjust herself to a livelier order of things.

"I tell you what it is, missy—"

But Ida's skirts were just disappearing around the last curve in the spiral staircase. She had gone to sweep the cobwebs from her father's brain, to flutter her new wings defiantly in his presence. She found him impatiently rearranging the chess-men on the board. He consulted his watch before acknowledging her cheerful greeting:

"You are outgrowing the old-fashioned virtue of punctuality, Ida. I am sorry to see."

"I am outgrowing a great many other things, father. I am glad to say, but I hope I will always retain due respect for that old-fashioned virtue, as you call it."

She took her place opposite him, but made no motion towards availing herself of the accorded privilege of taking the first move.

"I think our game will have to wait a little while this morning, father. I want to have a long and a plain talk with you—must have, in fact."

The sybarite leaned back in his chair with a groan:

"Spare me! Are the mules dying with encephalitis? Send for a veterinarian. Are the gin-saws in need of sharpening? Send for a gin-wright."

Ida held up her hand imperiously:

"Father, I am in no mood for your cynical jests. I have just come from White Cliffs. Mrs. Lorimer is very ill, but I do not think she will die. Her sons do."

"White Cliffs! You have been to White Cliffs, and have the temerity to acknowledge it to me?" His face was purple with rage.

"I have."

"And you are not afraid of my curse?"

"Not in the least."

There was such cool assurance, such indomitable courage, in her face and voice that her father felt suddenly self-conscious of foolish bluster. He shifted his position restlessly, but remained silent.

"Father," she said, in a sweet, grave voice, utterly devoid of disrespect, "I want you to listen to me quietly. When I get through, then will be time enough for any vaporing you may feel inclined to. But things must be altered."

"You take advantage of my helpless old age to insult me with impunity, girl. It is the common lot of parents to experience the ingratitude of children. But go on; go on. I am listening."

It was poor old Lear's lament minus its dignity and its provocation. She let it pass without comment.

"One hears a great deal of what children owe to their parents in this world, father, but remarkably little of what parents owe to their children. Among other fixed moral laws of creation is the one that compels a child to believe every word its parent utters, for no better reason than that it is uttered by a parent."

"For twenty years, father, or, at least, ever since I have had sense enough to imbibe hatred, I have been told that it was my duty to hate anybody, everybody, rather, and everything, connected with White Cliffs. And I honestly tried to do my duty in that respect. I owed it to my father."

"When I met Dennis Lorimer at the Pass that summer on my one free holiday and fell in love with him, I felt like the worst of criminals and a traitor to you. There was some mysterious thing between him and me, between me and my happiness, that I bowed before with the blindness of fetishism. I drove my lover away from me, with more resolution, perhaps, than I would have exercised if he had committed a crime in his own person. I owed it to my father."

"When he came to me and told me that he was going into exile for my sake, that his mother's vindictive de-

termination to separate us had carried her to the extent of telling him that he must either vow never to try to see me, or leave her presence then and there, never to return again, I helped him to bow to the fiat which bore equally upon us both. I told him we owed it to our parents. And when you, hearing through Cato's treachery that he was in the summer house that day, sent him your insulting message, I almost despised him for the promptness and meekness with which he obeyed it. He went away, and in my heart I called him a coward. I began to cultivate hatred in my own person. Your leaven was at work, you see, father. I owed it to you to learn how to hate."

"Dennis came back to see me six months ago, father. He told me then that he had been looking for Sibley. He could not bring this rusty old secret from his mother. You would not admit him to your presence, but if he could find Sibley he would face him, man to man, and demand to know what it was that stood between the houses of White Cliffs and Glenburnie."

The old sybarite leaned forward in his chair in an eager attitude of attention.

"Well? and Sibley—did he find him?"

"It was not a difficult thing to do, father. Sibley is in New Orleans—has been in a good business there for some time now. You knew that?" He dropped his eyes silently.

"It is pitiable, father," she went on, impetuously, "to see a parent drop his eyes before a child—a helpless girl at that! But was it right, father, to leave me in ignorance all this time that Sibley had written to you, telling you if you would relinquish your absurd vow, and take your proper place at home, he would come back and help you?"

"Sibley is an unruly, tempestuous fellow—troublesome, I did not want him."

"Not so easily trodden under foot as a girl. But he is coming back, father. He and Dennis are good friends. Dennis faced him like a man, and Sibley had to confess that he was as ignorant as the rest of us. But out there in the breezy, fresh current of life that those two move in this poor, ragged old scarecrow that you and the older Lorimers have been shaking at each other all these years tumbled all to pieces. It had no substance of its own. I found that out for myself to-day, father."

"How?" the old man asked, doggedly.

"By kneeling at the bedside of a sick woman and asking her to tell me, as her vision grew larger and clearer, the fret and the worry of this whole miserable business did not grow infinitely small. She said it did. And she told me all that I wanted to know. I told her, father, that I had promised Dennis to marry him, and go away with him, to make a home for ourselves, if he would find Sibley and bring him back here to take this unjust burden from my shoulders. I told her I should not feel comfortable at the thought that we had kept it all from her. She had a right to know that we were going to be married in spite of her, in spite of you, in spite of the miserable old threadbare vendetta. And I came in here to tell you the same, father."

"What did she say?" He ignored the closing sentence.

"She put her arms around my neck. She kissed me, father, and she called me daughter. She told me to tell you that there would soon be no one left for you to hate—to let the old, worn-out feud be buried in her grave."

"No one left for me to hate! And—I have loved her all my life—her, and no other woman, ever!"

"Father!"

His gray head had fallen forward on his breast. His lids were closed and impurpled. He stretched out his hands blindly, gropingly. He was trying to say something. Ida knelt close by the side of his chair.

"My brave, brave child! I am glad it has ended so! Give Sibley my love—and Dennis."

It was so sudden, so utterly incomprehensible, that even when the family physician told her that he had known for years that her father must eventually go in just that sudden fashion from heart-failure, she found it hard to believe that he was no longer there at Glenburnie, wasting his manhood, ignoring his responsibilities, demanding daily tribute of her, bodily, mentally and morally.

"Thank God, he died with a blessing on his lips for a Lorimer," she wrote to Sibley, and sealed the letter with a black impress of a martlet.

"I am sorry he did not know about Sibley's child, Dido," she said that night, reaching out her hand for a touch of the hard faithful one that had never yet failed her. "I meant to have told him. But—"

"You done it all for the best. It ain't all cleared up yet. And he had a mighty turn for pesterin' about things. It would have just given him a lot of questions to ask which nobody but your brother could answer."

"Sibley will be here in a day or two."

"Thank the Lord for all His mercies!"

"And Dennis too."

A wan smile flitted over her white face, and, closing her tired eyes, she fell asleep with her lover's name on her lips and her hand lying like a snow-flake in black Dido's clasp.

CHAPTER XIV.

Why should not one derive all the satisfaction that could possibly be extracted from grumbling to one's heart's content, when there was ready to one's hand a patient, capable hospital nurse, into whose discreet bosom one might empty "cart loads" of family secrets without the slightest danger of their ever being hauled up again?

Dick Lorimer, aching and bruised, disappointed and disgusted, feeling that he had made a thorough mess of a very important mission, immediately resolved to avail himself of that privilege the very next time that his particular "white-cap" took her seat by his cot.

[CONTINUED.]

"Does your baby say anything?"

Fond Mother—Oh, yes; he talks all the time except when he is asked to.

## REARING OF BABY ELKS.

How They Are Captured and the Gentleness of Treatment They Require.

"One of the most interesting sights I saw in Yellowstone park this summer," said a tourist to a New York Sun man, "was a small herd of baby elk. The little animals wouldn't let strangers touch them, but to their keeper they were as tame and confiding as young puppies. They licked his hands and face and played around him like cosset lambs. The keeper said he was taming them for the government's zoological collection at Washington. 'We have to capture the young elk,' the keeper told me, 'before they are a week old or we can't do anything with them in the way of taming. The bull elk stands guard over the female when she gives birth to her calf and for some time after. When anyone approaches he becomes furious and pugnacious and we have to drive him away before we can capture the calf. We put him to flight with a bloodhound, the hound being trained to return when it has driven the bull elk out of the neighborhood. The mother elk is timid and we have no trouble with them.'"

"We are obliged," the keeper continued, "to handle the baby elk with the utmost care and kindness. No animal is more sensitive than they are, and if I were to cuff or slap one of them as I would a dog I could never win its confidence again or make any progress with it. I don't speak cross to them or in a loud or sharp tone, for they know even better than a child when you are scolding them. Their memories are so good that they never forget the slightest bit of ill treatment, and we have to fondle and caress them and speak gently to them at all times to accomplish our purpose. So long as we do that they mind and love us. Taming young elk is ticklish business, but I like it better than any other work."

"While the keeper was saying this his sleek little four-footed pupils huddled around him, licked his clothing, stuck their noses toward his face and showed the most remarkable affection for him. It was a sight worth going a long distance to see."

Many Business.

A Maine farmer who recently visited Boston tells how he got the better of the deadly trolley-car. "I stood," he says, "right on the track when one of them dummed skypoke cars came a-buzzing along, and I thought I'd just see if they'd run over me. They hoisted and yelled for me to get off the track, but I didn't budge an inch, for I had as much right there as they had, and they just hauled the thing up stock-still afore they got ter me. All a man's got ter do is stand up for his rights, and them Boston fellers dassn't run over him."

Is Marriage a Failure?

Have you been trying to get the best out of existence without health in your family? Have you been wearing out your life from the effects of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint and Indigestion? Are you sleepless at night? Do you wake in the morning feeling languid, with coated tongue and sallow, haggard look? Don't do it. A shout in the camp tells how Bacon's Celery King has cured others; it will cure you. Trial package free. Large sizes 50c and 25c at B. S. Webb.

How to Cure a Cold.

Simply take Otto's Cure. We know of its astonishing cures and that it will stop a cough quicker than any known remedy. If you have Asthma, Bronchitis, Consumption or any disease of the throat and lungs, a few doses of this great guaranteed remedy will surprise you.

If you wish to try call at our store on Superior street and we will be pleased to furnish you a bottle free of cost, and will prove our assertion. B. S. Webb.

Worth Knowing.

How many thousands people have found a friend in Bacon's Celery King? If you have never used this great specific for the prevailing maladies of the age, Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, Constipation, Nervous Exhaustion, Nervous Prostration, Sleeplessness and all diseases arising from derangement of the stomach, liver and kidneys, we would be pleased to give you a package of this great nerve tonic free of charge. B. S. Webb.

WOOD'S PHOSPHORINE.

The Great English Remedy. Promptly and permanently cures all forms of Nervous Weakness, Emaciation, Spasmodic, Asthma, Impotency and all effects of Abuse or Excess. Been prescribed over 25 years in thousands of cases; is the only Reliable and Honorable medicine known. Ask druggist for Wood's Phosphorine; if he offers some worthless medicine in place of this, leave his dishonest store, and place price in letter, and we will send by return mail. Price, one package, \$1.00; six, \$5.00. One will please, six will cure. Pamphlet in plain sealed envelope, 2 cents postage. Address: The Wood Chemical Co., 121 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Mich. Sold in Alma and everywhere by all druggists.

Physicians Outdone.

My wife has been suffering with female trouble of the severest kind for three years. I have paid twenty-five dollars during the last three months, and she had no relief. She has doctored continually with the best of physicians. I bought three bottles each of Dullman's Great German Female Uterine Remedy and Dullman's Great German Blood Purifier, Stomach and Kidney Cure and can say to-day that she is entirely cured.

Sworn to before me on this 23 day of June, 1890. JOHN C. DULLMAN, Notary Public, Genesee Co., N. Y. For sale by B. VanDenBergh.

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## VICTORS are Standard Value.



The standard price of Victor Bicycles is \$125.00. No deviation, and Victor riders are guaranteed against cut rates during the current year.

## OVERMAN WHEEL CO.

BOSTON. NEW YORK. PHILADELPHIA. CHICAGO. SAN FRANCISCO. DETROIT. DENVER. A. E. CHASE, Ethica Agent, Journal Office.

## Allen's Lung Balsam

Are you at all Weak-chested or inclined to be Consumptive, with just a touch of Cough now and then? "Try this Wonderful Medicine." The Cough and Weakness will disappear as if by magic, and you will feel a strength and power never had before.

HAVE YOU A COLD? A Dose at Bedtime will Remove it. HAVE YOU A COUGH? A Dose will Relieve it.

Bronchitis and Asthma it relieves instantly. The Spasms of Coughing so dreadful in Whooping Cough become less with each dose of medicine. It is an old adage, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed." So let it be in your case, you read this, and keep on hand ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. 25c Directions accompany each bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AT 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 A BOTTLE.

My whole family had been suffering from terrible colds on their lungs, called at my druggist's and procured a bottle of Dullman's Great German 25 Cent Cough Cure, and I can safely recommend it as the best cough remedy the Levant brought.

ROBERT CONNOR, Liverman, Pilot M. Don't Cough! Cough! Cough! Get out a bottle and try it. For sale by B. VanDenBergh, Alma.

On account of the State Convention of the Christian Endeavor Union at Detroit, March 21 and 22, the T. A. A. & N. M. R. Y. will sell excursion tickets March 20 and 21, limited for return to March 23, at one and one-third fare for the round trip.

Shortsightedness.

To waste your money on vile, dirty, watery mixtures, compounded by inexperienced persons, when you have the opportunity of testing Otto's Cure free of charge. Why will you continue to irritate your throat and lungs with that terrible hacking cough when B. S. Webb will furnish you a free sample bottle of this great guaranteed remedy. Hold a bottle of Otto's Cure to the light and observe its beautiful golden color and thick heavy syrup. Largest packages and purest goods. Large bottles 50c and 25c.

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### TOLEDO ANN ARBOR AND NORTH MICHIGAN RAILWAY.

TIME TABLE

In effect Nov. 5th, 1893.

TRAINS LEAVE ALMA

NORTH. No. 1-11:30 a. m. No. 5-9:14 a. m. W. H. BENNETT, Gen. Pass. Agent, Toledo Ohio.

SOUTH. No. 2-6:55 a. m. No. 4-4:13 p. m. V. S. HOLLENBECK, Agent, Alma.

## DETROIT, LANSING & NORTHERN R. R.

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